

J. P. Gale

THE KENNA RECORD

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Kenna, Chaves County, New Mexico, Friday,

March 11, 1910.

Number 8

J. P. STONE, President G. T. LITTLEFIELD, Vice-President
W. B. SCOTT, Cashier

The Kenna Bank & Trust Co. OF KENNA, N. M.

The depositors in this Bank are secured by the laws of this Territory to the extent of \$30,000.00.

Our officers are bonded and we carry burglary insurance. Every safeguard of modern Banking protects you. Come in and see us.

The Kenna Bank & Trust Co.

New Millinery Store.

I have a Complete and New Stock of Millinery that will arrive in a few days, and will be ready for your inspection at my residence, on Main Street, in Kenna, New Mexico. You are cordially invited to call and see what I have to show you in this line, before going elsewhere. Easter Hats a Specialty.

Resp., Mrs. A. B. Bryan.

Pleasure Was Mutual

The friends of two American celebrities—one a stutterer and the other somewhat deaf succeeded after much maneuvering in getting them to meet and the event aroused considerable unholy glee.

Some time thereafter the stutterer was asked how the interview passed off.

"Oh w-w-e g-g-got along f-f-finely," he stammered. I c-c-couldn't talk, and s-s-she c-c-couldn't h-h-hear me.—Lippincott's.

A radical suffragette declares. "I expect to live to see a woman Speaker of the House." Bless you, dear lady when has there ever been a time since the apple-eating incident in Eden, when woman was not speaker of the house?

Wanted.

To borrow \$250 on 8 month's time, and have more than \$1000 collateral with which to secure payment. Call at Record office for name and address.

Are You A Mule?

Certainly not. But, you are the possessor of a mule or horse Talk to LOCKART: he makes HARNESS. KENNA, N. M.

Subscribe for THE KENNA RECORD.

Hearing Defective.

An appalling case of deafness was that of an old lady who lived just across the street from the navy yard. On Washington's birthday they fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The old lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired; then, adjusting her cap and smoothing her dress, she exclaimed, "Come in!"—Success Magazine.

Old Fashion Kid.

"What sort of breakfast food do you find the best?" "Well replied the well-nourished citizen, 'I haven't run across anything yet that beats bacon and eggs, though sausage and buckwheat afford a pleasant change occasionally.'—Philadelphia Ledger.

MY CREED.

I do not fear to tread the path that those I love have long since trod; I do not fear to pass the gates and stand before the living God. In this world's fight I've done my part; it God be, God He knows it well; He will not turn His back on me and send me down to blackest hell. Because I have not prayed aloud and shouted in the market-place, 'Tis what we do, not what we say, that makes us worthy of His grace.—Putnam's Magazine.

Peach Pits.

I have a few selected Peach Pits for sale. If you desire any for planting you should all at once as they are likely to soon be gone. J. A. Kimmons, at Lumber yard.

Two-Bit Gratitude.

A recent editorial in the Lander (Wyo.) State Journal is so pertinent as to be worthy of reproduction. Under the heading "Two Bit Gratitude" the Journal editor says:

In this enlightened age, publicity is the greatest progressive force and the individual or community that neglects to employ it loses thereby. The newspapers want the town to grow and prosper along with all other citizens. While they should in all reason accept or make a small profit on all work turned out and they have never asked even that when the good of the town has been sought. The average weekly newspaper gives gratis for the good of the public from \$10 to \$20 per week, or from \$500 to \$1,000 per year. What other business man gives as much every year for the community in which he lives? The casual reader does not appreciate the fact that it costs so much money to set every line of type in the paper and that the editor who pays his printers is giving just so much money to the school, the churches, the various lodges, societies and associations every time he prints a free reading notice for them. Do you suppose that any other business house would give the price of a sack of flour or sugar, a pair of shoes or a suit of clothes to every organization in the county every week. Of course not; they would not be asked to do so even if they were generous enough to do it. Newspaper men do it because it has been the custom to do it and because they are public spirited and want to help along every worthy cause to a greater extent than they are financially able."

Commenting upon the above, J. U. Allard of Evanston (Wyo.) Times has the following:

"And the reward! Ah, yes, the editor gets his reward—most often right where the chicken got the ax. The average business man will write all over the country for prices on an ordinary commercial job and he usually gets the prices and the work—out of town. But if we should fail to mention that Jones got a carload of potatoes or Smith a carload of farm implements, or that the bankers are increasing their deposits, there is an immediate howl. Then there is the business man who doesn't believe in advertising. Let something happen around his place of business, and he feels slighted if the newspaper does not mention the occurrence. And then there is the preacher and the school professor, who would monopolize your space with lengthy articles that would not interest two per cent of your readers. Refuse their requests and you get a shoulder rebuke."

"A newspaper's space is its stock in trade—that which buys bread and butter, and pays off the printer. The newspaper is willing to donate its space in boasting for the town, but it should not be looked upon as an accommodation bureau for those

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MAY NOT BE VERY BIG

She may not have red hair. But when she says she wants a new house, or a new porch, or anything in the hardware line, you had better get busy and avoid trouble. And when she tells you that the BEST PLACE to buy all the material is at the KENNA LUMBER CO., don't argue because she knows and we are ready to help her prove it.

We handle everything in the line.

Kenna Lumber Co.

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who are always looking for something for nothing. Evanston has such people; they are thick, and most of them send out of town for what little printing they require"—The Western Publisher

A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE DINNER.

Words cannot express the joy and happiness it brought me in being so kindly remembered with a dinner on my birthday, Sunday Feb. 26. I most heartily thank each and every one. And special thanks to Mrs. Mulvania for the nice cake she sent in my honor, but could not be present on account of sickness. I assure you the remembrance was highly appreciated. Your Friend Mrs. Sallie Jennings Listen N. M.

Foxy Lover

Rita (looking at photo)—Oh, yes, he's handsome enough, but he's an awful bounder.

Stella—What did he do? Rita—Didn't I tell you? He made an awful fuss with me one season and then asked me if dad would object to him as a son-in-law. I said no, I thought not, and he went away and proposed to my sister.—Illustrated Bits.

Obiter Dictum.

A Polish couple once came here before justice of the peace to be married. The young man handed him the marriage license, and the pair stood up before him. "Join hands," said the Justice of the Peace.

"They did so, and the Justice looked at the document which authorized him to unite in matrimony Zacharewicz Perzyski and Leokowarda Jemlinski. "Ahem!" he said. "Zacharewicz—h'm—h'm—ski, do you take this woman"—etc. "Yes, sir," responded the young man. "Leokowarda—h'm—ah—ski—do you take this man to be"—etc.

"Yes, sir," replied the woman. "Then I pronounce you man and wife," said the Justice, glad to find something he could pronounce; "and I heartily congratulate you both on having reduced those two names to plain English."—Lippincott's.

And So it Is.

I said to my friend: "Tell me my faults and I will know you are my friend." And he told me my faults, and I spurned him, for I thought him a fool.

I said to a second friend: "Tell me my faults, and he said I had no faults, and I spurned him, for I knew he was a fool.

I said to my third friend: "Tell me my faults." And he told me my faults, and I thanked him. And he spurned me, for he knew I was a hypocrite.—Exchange.

Had to Interpret.

An editor received \$2.00 and cork from a delinquent subscriber. When they met later the editor said, "I understand about the money because that was what you owed, but what does the cork mean?" "Stop'er," was the reply.—Jewell County Republican.

Doubtful Powder.

One day, after listening to a story particularly offensive with age, Lincoln McConnell, the Georgia evangelist, told this: An old darky went into a store down in Georgia and asked:

"Say boss, you got any gun powdah Leah?"

"Yes, we have gun powder." "Lemme see some that theah gun powdah."

The dealer showed him some. "Here a little of that powdah in my hand."

The darky took the powder near the light, ran his forefinger around and around in it, looked at it critically, and then smelled it two or three times.

"And you say this theah is powdah?"

"Yes," answered the dealer sharply; that is powder. What is the matter with it?"

"Donno' boss"—the darky shook his head doubtfully—"but hit smells to me like it's done been shot off befoah."

—Judge's Library.